

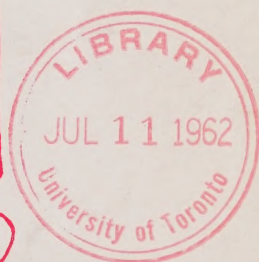
12

[v 7] no 5/6

the

PERIODICALS READING ROOM
(Humanities and Social Sciences)

Diamond





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
University of Toronto

The Diamond editorial staff decided to combine issue five and six because the Diamond was falling behind the schedule set for the printing of ten issue per year. This fact is neither the fault of the Diamond nor of the Print Shop, but, in an indirect way, the fault of the Justice Department. The Print Shop, we understand, has been virtually overburdened with work, printing the Commissioner's Annual Report, and other items for the Department of Justice. In addition to these, the Print Shop has three regular Penal Press Publications to print, several Alcoholics Anonymous Brochures, and many letterheads and order forms. In defence of the Print Shop, the Diamond acknowledges that they have done, and are doing their utmost to assist the Diamond in all phases of printing.

For this combined issue, additional news items and articles have been included to insure that the subscriber gets his money's worth.

TO OUR READERS...

After the light magazine of last month (by light, we mean light writing, not necessarily light reading) the *Diamond* for this month will pursue a more serious course. Several articles in this issue are designed to give all *Diamond* readers a deeper insight into the treatment, training, and custodial policies by which the inmates are governed.

One of the more interesting and informative of these articles is that written by Warden Fred Smith. This particular article concerns itself with the new delegation of authority. In addition to this there is a very informative article about the changes which have taken place in prisons during the past quarter of a century.

In this magazine I am also proud to welcome Michael Kelly to the (outside looking in) staff. Michael has kindly consented to work for the *Diamond* gratis, which, by the way, is the only way we can take him.

And last, but certainly not least, there is a story about the coronation of the new Warden.

PROGRESS REPORT

from

MORTGAGE MANOR

It is just two years since the churl of Mortgage Manor was introduced to a number of the guests at the Collin's Bay Penitentiary. This period has been much too short for the churl to form any useful conclusions about the institution or its boarders. He has However, been in touch with a few of the men who have graduated into everyday life. Some of the information they have given him may interest the gentlemen who are continuing their studies.

None of the Bay's alumni with whom the churl has talked have shown any tendency to discuss the events and behavior which resulted in their becoming residents of the establishment. The churl feels this is an encouraging sign. If they had shown pride in the occupations they followed before retiring from public life, the churl believes, they would probably have been eager for further illegal enterprises the moment they found civilian life dull or difficult.

by

Lex Schrag

4 The Diamond —

Nor was any one of them interested in the Bay's student body as a group. Several of them asked that the churl undertake minor commissions on behalf of individuals still in custody; otherwise they all wanted to forget the place and its occupants as quickly as possible.

Sixty per cent of these who talked to the churl had been able to obtain jobs within two weeks of their departure from The Bay. Their most difficult decision was: should they tell their prospective employers that they had penitentiary records?

Most of them did, and were accepted in spite of their past history. One man who did not lost two responsible and well-paid jobs in rather quick succession because he was not completely frank with his employers. He took a third position, and was making progress in it when the management decided all the employees should be bonded.

He went to the boss of his department, then, and told his story. He was helped over the bonding difficulty, and has since been promoted. However, he has lost more than a year of his life, trying to establish himself as a substantial and reliable administrator and his present post is not as good as the first job he got. He consoles himself with the thought that he might not have been given his first job if the man who hired him had been told the whole truth.

Another man, who got a fairly good job has found himself in minor difficulties of a different kind. He bought a car as soon as he got his first wages. The machine proved to be a lemon. He traded it in on another heap, a huge, lumbering beast. Now he wishes he hadn't. The big car keeps him poor with

its gas and repair bills. He'd like to swap it off for some small, four-cylinder British or European beetle, but nobody wants big cars, these days.

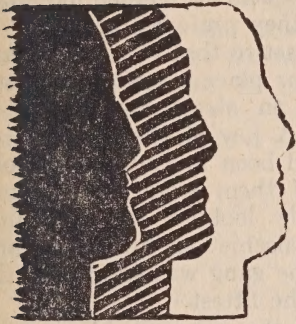
Finally, none of the men who talked to the churl had any real complaints against the treatment they received at The Bay. Several felt the warden and deputy had been a bit too restrictive of the entertainment they were allowed; none of them hinted that any of the staff had dealt harshly or unfairly with him.

None of them was entirely at ease with the churl. The churl felt this was understandable because he is, after all, a newspaperman and newspapermen tend to put the damndest things in their papers without regard for the people about whom they write. This attitude made the churl chuckle. In only one case does he know the offence for which a man was committed, and he only got the information by accident. The staff at the Bay is far from gabby.

In any event, the churl isn't much interested in why and how the inmates came to be in The Bay. What concerns him is how they get along after they depart from its cloistered halls. He believes that is much more important, for if they get slung back in again he has to pay for their bed and board with his taxes.

The churl, incidentally owes the legal profession a small but well-shaped apology. In an earlier report, he griped that the lawyers, magistrates and judges had little interest in the men who passed through the courts once the final sentence was passed. One man, at least, from The Bay is comfortably re-established in civilian life because his lawyer got a job for him.

ACTUAL CASE HISTORIES



PROFILE

During his younger years, George had been overridden by his father through almost every moment of his consciousness at home. His father did not like to see him have or do anything, or so George thought. If George wanted to go out and play ball with the boys, or go to the movies on the week-end, his father would veto the idea. George's mother, on the other hand, desired to see the boy have a good time, and often sent him off to play after his father had forbade him to do so. This procedure ended in a violent argument between the parents, and his mother would sob while his father beat him for disobedience.

When George committed some minor wrong, his father seemed to delight in issuing a heavy beating to the boy when, under the circumstances, most fathers would simply admonish.

THE FIFTH IN A SERIES

by

The Editorial Staff

This then became the rigid pattern of George's younger years: his father would deny, deride and beat him, and his mother would coddle him, do little favours for him, keep him out of his father's way as much as possible and console him after he had received a beating.

George, like most children, developed a violent resentment toward his father and gradually also against other authorities.

Shortly after his ninth birthday George came home from school and displayed a pocket full of marbles that he had won at school. His mother smiled and tried to share his enthusiasm. His father asked him where he had got them. When George explained the manner in which he had got the marbles, his father accused him of gambling and, amid protests from George's mother that it was something common to all school children, George's father took the toaster cord and beat George until the blood streamed down his backside.

From this beating George learned the talent of hiding the possessions that he might have found, stole or otherwise acquired. He also learned that it was extremely wise to avoid his father. There was only one drawback; in avoiding his father, he must also avoid his mother. The decision he made was that his mother's love did not compensate for his father's brutality, and thus he avoided them both. George now sought recognition elsewhere; at school and in the gang which inhabited the street corners.

Because he had become a rather sulky child, George found little recognition or affection at school. With the gang, however, he was more successful.

The gang was not altogether harmless or healthy for a young man to involve himself with but in this element George could hold his own, and was even looked up to by some. The gang was a group of boys who were much like himself in that they preferred company of the younger set to that of adults. Having no regular place to meet, the gang congregated on street corners or in restaurants. A few of the members of the gang had been in training schools, but most of them were just discontented people looking for company. They were mischievous and noisy and the law of the gang was similar to the survival of the fittest.

Sometimes the gang would scamper off on window-breaking sprees, or ring doorbells and run away, or steal bicycles. Sometimes they stole vending machines from in front of stores and carried them off into alleyways where they smashed them open and took the money and the candy contents. Again, sometimes they stole money from milk bottles. This money was usually spent as community property; for the enjoyment of the gang as a whole. It either bought them a coke in the nearest restaurant, some candy from a nearby store, or their admittance to some theatre.

Participation in such crimes was a regular feature of the gang's activity, and occasionally one of its members would be apprehended and either sent to training school or placed on probation.

Two years of gang "belonging" elapsed for George, and he was as discontent as ever. His father was still surly but, being a drinking man and sick a great deal of the time, he had neither the strength nor the energy to

beat George any longer. He did insult him whenever he saw him, but that was very rarely. When speaking of his father, George referred to him as "it." He was close to his mother, but soon she became possessive, overly concerned with his welfare, and extremely sentimental. George was not able to appreciate her sentiment, as he put it her "slobbering and crying" all over him and telling him what a beautiful baby he had been.

When he turned sixteen, George left home and went to live in a small apartment with one of his school friends who was now working at a garage. Through his friend George also obtained a job at the garage, and for a while they enjoyed life. After several months however, George and his room-mate quarrelled, and George struck out on his own. He found a new job in an office and seemed to be doing very well for himself. George sought his entertainment in the local pool rooms and at several teen-age dances. He fell in with a group who also frequented the dances and began to drink regularly. He was living the carefree life, but it was costing him money. Sometimes one weekend would consume his entire week's wages. Since George had become quite attached to the kind of life he had found among the dance-hall clique, he decided that he must find a way to make more money.

Remembering many of the fund-raising escapades of his youth, George returned to his old neighbourhood to feel out some of his former associates. He was not certain how he wanted to make money, but he knew that he needed it.

Meeting with some of his friends,

George casually asked them if they wanted to go out stealing milk bottles like they did in the old days. They laughed scornfully at this suggestion as they explained that they had graduated and where now stealing from stores by breaking into them. They explained their entire operation to George and he agreed to accompany them on one of their expeditions. They made a profit the first month out, and so George decided to stay with them, and after a week of association with them, he was accepted as a member of the "mob", a tough sounding word which in their case meant teen-age underworld.

George soon discovered that no matter how much money he acquired he was always broke, and he began to gradually fall away from the parties. This was not only because of financial reasons, but also because he had become quite attached to a very attractive and seemingly intelligent girl. Everything ran smoothly for a while. George was still stealing periodically, and frequently associates would call at his residence. The girl, at first, had no idea that George was mixed up with criminals, but it was not too difficult to see that something was wrong when people trailed into the house at all hours of the night, panting, and whispering secretly to George.

After thinking about George's activities for some time, the girl finally confronted him with the question: "George are you mixed up in some kind of stealing?" George became angry and told her that it really wasn't any of her business. He went on to explain why he *must* steal and that he really wasn't hurting anyone. The girl asked George to stop stealing. George listened

to this and protested. The girl then issued him an ultimatum — either her or the stealing, and George abruptly put a halt to their romance. He told the girl to go to hell, and then went out and buried himself beneath the bottle. George went from bad to worse. He began drinking more often, he quit his job, returned to his former associates, and began stealing for a living.

During all this time George regretted that he had thrown the girl out of his life, and he admitted, if only to himself, that there was something dear and sincere between them.

Then one night George was arrested coming out of a store with an armful of clothing. He was taken to the police station, questioned, locked up overnight, fingerprinted the following morning, and then taken before a magistrate. George pleaded guilty and was given a remand in custody for the period of a week. His girl friend heard about his arrest and came to the jail to see him. George was relieved to see her, but just when he wanted most to speak with her, something made him ignore her completely and walk back to the cells without so much as a look in her direction. When this week was up, George returned to court and was sentenced to probation for one year.

Probation was nothing to George. He just reported once a month and that was all there was to it. Once the initial fright wore off, George returned to his old ways, and soon he was apprehended again. This time no one visited George, and after the third remand in custody, he began to feel very lost and very lonely. The whole world it seemed, had forgotten him. At this time George's father died from some

disease related to alcohol, and George surprised even himself by feeling a little sorry for the man.

Feeling extremely sorry for himself, George sat down one evening and wrote a letter to the girl that he had so badly used. He asked her to forgive him and visit him. As a result of the letter the girl came to visit George and they patched up their differences. George was eventually sentenced to six months in the reformatory, and the girl visited him every week. Being a model prisoner, he was released in the shortest possible time. He came home, lived with his mother, obtained employment, and after several months, married his patient girl friend. For two years everything was smooth, but then George went out one night and, after several drinks, broke into a store that was only two blocks away from his home. Someone had seen him and another person had taken the licence number of his car. Again George was apprehended by the police and again taken to court.

This time George received nine months determinate and three months indeterminate. Again during his sentence George was a model prisoner. He earned his full remission, and was granted a parole. George returned to society with good intentions.

For another three and a half years George went to work. He bought a new car and seemed to be coming up in the world. It is true that he had his share of problems, but they were not out of the ordinary, and he seemed capable of coping with them, or for that matter, any others. The power of suggestion, encouraged by alcohol, again conquered George. One night after work George dropped into the hotel for a few

beers. He saw a few old friends and thought that there would be no harm in sitting with them. Drinking continued for over an hour and when the hotel closed, the friends invited him to an apartment for a few more drinks. When George was sufficiently intoxicated, the fellows asked if he wanted to accompany them. George, not knowing that all they really wanted was his car, let them talk him into going with them. George was caught sleeping behind the wheel of his car. The car

contained burglar tools and the supermarket across the street from where he was parked had been broken into earlier. That was the end of George.

George was sentenced to three years. He spent five months at Kingston Penitentiary before being transferred here. George has taken a vocational course here, and works diligently on extra-curricular studies. George vows that it will never happen again. For George everything is out there; nothing in here.

BRIDGE TOURNAMENT

Included in the committee agenda for the Victoria Day Week-end was the plan for an inter-institution bridge tournament. The first time in many years that a bridge tournament has been held at this institution, the preliminary rounds of play commenced in the respective cell blocks and dormitories on the 10th of May and the semi-finals were determined by process of elimination. Each block and dorm thus housing a winner, the semi-finals and finals were scheduled for the holiday week-end.

The following is a brief account of the play; Vincent and Watson defeated Farmer and Benning to emerge as the finalists from 1-block, Huard and Sayles defeated Sharpe and Boyd to enter the finals from 2-block, Fairbairn and Armour defeated Coates and McDougall to enter the finals from 3-block, and Judge and Ramsdale defeated Petlowany and Gunnell to represent the dormitories.

In the finals, Vincent and Watson defeated favourites Fairbairn and Armour, and earned a berth in the final match. Judge and Ramsdale swept by all their competition also.

Thus it was the team of Vincent and Watson versus Judge and Ramsdale playing for the institutional championship, and for the prize, which was a carton of cigarettes, with a package of cigars each for the runners-up.

The final series of games, best two out of three, was held on the holiday Monday, and after some very close play, Vincent and Watson vanquished their opponents to emerge as the over-all champions.



Every day in the life of every inmate is essentially the same. The inmates may be employed at different jobs, think different thoughts, and be compelled by different motivations; different hopes and fears, but still their lives are woven about the routine of the institution, governed by its regulations, and suppressed by its regimentation. It is the same for every inmate, whether he be streetcorner cipher or aristocrat. There is no favouritism.

Each inmate lives a dual life. He lives with and in himself, and he lives with and in the institution. The following sequence of events depict a day; any day, in the life of any inmate. It is the description of the inmate's living with and in the institution. Unfortunately we can not relate the story of the individual or personal life, because every man, it is presumed, entertains thoughts so diverse from those of any given neighbour that it would be virtually impossible to reach a common denominator.

A Day In The Life Of

... an

I
N
M
A
T
E

Every morning at six-thirty, CKCB, the inmate controlled radio station for the penitentiary breaks the silence of slumber. It is time to awaken and arise. It is the dawn of another day; another day that will be almost identical with the previous one, and the one previous to that. Shortly after six-thirty, an officer patrols the cell blocks to make certain that all inmates are awake and out of bed. If the inmate is not awake, the officer rattles his keys against the cell bars until the man does awaken. Several minutes later the officer patrols the cell block again to see that the inmates have not returned to sleep. Frequently, disciplinary action is taken against inmates who are tardy in the mornings to discourage them from getting in the habit of sleeping in.

By seven o'clock, the inmates are expected to be prepared for the morning meal. They should be washed and dressed, clean shaven, and have their hair groomed. At approximately seven o'clock, but sometimes a few minutes before or after, the inmates are released from their cells. They march single file toward the kitchen, discard the previous evening's supper tray at the receiving wicket, and then pick up their breakfast at the feeding wicket. The wickets are tiny holes connecting the kitchen with the main corridor. Breakfasts usually consist of toast and jam,

or a muffin, coffee, a juice, and cereal. The inmates carry their trays back to their cells. The cell doors are locked.

In the cell, the inmate eats his breakfast and all meals. The inmate may listen to the radio which he receives through a set of earphones, or through a speaker lodged in the wall of his cell. Some radios have three channels and some only two, depending on which cell block the inmate lives in. The inmate may switch channels as he wishes by turning a small knob attached to the radio box in his cell.

Daily activity begins at seven-thirty. First the inmates are released from their cells to return the breakfast trays to the receiving wicket at the kitchen. From there, the inmates proceed to their respective places of work. Inmates work at cleaning, clerking, general labour, or at a trade. Other inmates spend their working hours in learning trades in the vocational training courses which this institution offers. Still other inmates may enjoy a half day of academic education. Smoking is permitted during working hours, but there is no regular smoke break.

The morning work continues until eleven-fifteen. At this time, all work ceases and the inmates return to the main building, stop at the feeding wicket to pick up their dinner trays, and then proceed to their cells. The meals

are plain, but nourishing. They are planned by a Department of Justice dietician.

Inmates spend from eleven-fifteen or shortly thereafter, until twelve-forty-five in their cells. The radio is broadcasting during this time for those who wish to listen. At twelve o'clock the siren whirrs. This means that the prison is secure, and that all inmates are present and accounted for.

At twelve-forty-five, the inmates are released from their cells. They return their dinner trays to the receiving wicket at the kitchen and proceed for the second time to their place of work.

The inmates remain at their place of work until four-twenty, at which time they return to the main building advance to the feeding wicket, pick up their supper trays, and proceed to their cells. Again at five-o'clock the siren whirrs. The prison is closed and the inmates accounted for. The radio is still available to those who wish to listen to it.

Shortly after five-o'clock, the cell block officers distribute the mail. This time, if the inmate receives a letter, is always one of the brightest times of the day. If he does not receive a letter and expected one, it could be a very "blue" hour.

At five-thirty, during the summer months, the inmates are permitted to

vote, and it is the duty of the representative to count all the votes, and then put on the winning programme. All television sets were purchased by the inmates.

When ten-thirty arrives, all inmates are to return to their cells to be locked in for the evening. The cell lights remain on until eleven o'clock so that the inmates, if they have not already done so, may prepare their beds, read, or study for the extra half hour. The radio is switched off at eleven-thirty.

After eleven-thirty, there is nothing but darkness and silence, and the workings of the man's own mind. The man is left alone with his thoughts; dark thoughts of the past, fearful uncertainties concerning the future, or perhaps bright plans for the future.

And then there is sleep.

go outside to the sports field for their daily exercise, usually referred to here as Yard-up. This exercise is offered on a voluntary basis, and any inmate not desiring to go out may remain in his cell. This exercise period lasts from five-thirty until eight-thirty in the summer months, but is held during the daytime in winter months. The inmates have a wide selection of sporting activities to choose from; they have baseball, volleyball, basketball, handball, croquet, or weightlifting to participate in, or they may just walk around the yard or lay in the sun. The baseball league managed by the inmate committee, are full of keen competitors, and draw many avid spectators. If an inmate goes to Yard-up at five-thirty, he must remain in the yard until eight-thirty, unless, of course, he is sick or injured.

At eight-thirty, the inmates are permitted to enjoy diversion privileges if they so desire. This privilege includes watching television or playing cards. The only other alternative is to remain in the cell, where one might work at hobbycraft, read, study, or sleep. The television set is operated by one inmate whom the majority has chosen as their representative. Decisions of which programmes to watch are all put to a

There are several exceptions to the evening schedule mentioned in the above article: on Wednesday evenings, the inmates are permitted one hour of yard-up, after which they return to their respective cell blocks where they shower, and then return to their cells to be locked up for the remainder of the evening. On Friday evening the inmates are secured in their cells from five o'clock Friday night until seven o'clock Saturday morning. Friday evening has been set aside by the administration as letter-writing night. The inmates may write letters to loved ones, study, read, listen to the radio, or sleep. Since Wednesday and Friday nights are lock-up nights, the local disc-jockey features an inmate request programme. Since there is Yard-up on Saturday afternoon, and all day Sunday, there is no evening Yard-up on these days, but there is diversion privileges from five-thirty until ten-thirty on both nights.

NEWS BRIEFS....

CANON SWAN HONOURED

Quite recently, Canon Minto Swan, local Protestant Chaplain, was recipient of an honorary Doctor of Divinity degree. This was conferred upon him at a recent convocation at Queen's University. In addition to serving as Chaplain here, Canon Swan is rector of St. John's Anglican Church in Portsmouth, Ontario.

* * * *
* * * *
* * * *

ROB ROY

The Rob Roy Highland Pipe Band marched inside the walls of the institution and treated the inmates to a display of precision marching and music after a baseball game on March 28. The band stayed for half an hour.

LIBRARY ASSISTANTS

Several requests for a clerk and for an additional school teacher have been dispatched through proper channels by Education Supervisor C.R. Hogeboom. Mr. Hogeboom wishes to employ a full-time librarian who would be able to devote his working hours to the selecting and ordering of books and magazines, and properly cataloguing of them.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Weather permitting, inmates may have photographs taken on the weekends. They will be allowed to pose for the photo alone or accompanied by a friend, but should remember to submit their request and particulars to the Committee Box by the Wednesday of the week they wish to be photographed. The Pollaroid camera belonging to the inmate committee is used for these photos, and is operated by an experienced inmate photographer. The cost of photographs is forty-five cents each or three for a dollar and a quarter.

WARDEN GOES TO K.P.

Colonel V. S. J. Richmond, Warden of Collin's Bay Penitentiary since March 23, 1954, was promoted in the service to Warden at Kingston Penitentiary. Mr. Fred Smith replaces him here as Warden.

BRICKLAYING COURSE FINISHES

The Masons or Bricklaying Course at Collin's Bay is only six months duration and thus two classes are taught each year. Recently the graduates of the first semester were transferred to the Masons Construction where they will have an opportunity to put to practical use that knowledge which they learned on course.

Within a week of the completion of the first course, 12 more men stepped in to fill the course enrollment for the second half of the year. These second term men will finish their training by October.

NEW OFFICES

The men who just completed their training on the Bricklaying Course accepted the construction of a new set of offices as their first job. The offices have been converted from the old Officer's Mess, and are to accomodate the Deputy Warden, his secretary, and the classification Staff. These offices were designed by inmates.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Anyone subscribing to the *Diamond* should, if they desire to receive the magazine, report any change of address to the *Diamond*, Box 190, Kingston, Ontario. Inmates who have sent subscriptions to their friends or relatives are advised to do the same, in the event of an address change.

INMATE CONTRIBUTIONS

The *Diamond* invites inmates to submit literary material for publication. All types of material will be welcomed, from news items, fillers, jokes, and verse or poetry to feature articles, short stories, and original cartoons. Writers should stipulate whether material, as in the case of poetry and fillers, is original and, if not, should state where taken from. All contributions are subject to approval and corrections of editor, and all will be acknowledged, although not necessarily accepted for print. Simply drop any material in the *Diamond* box and affix your name and address to it.

Food For Thought

by

Michael Kelly.

Those Diamond readers who delight in the fine foods furnished for their refined taste buds should beware that they are *not* the victims of some fiendish plot.

I'll give you the facts as I know them and let you come up with your own answer.

In your New Year's issue you have an item by Canada's recognized leading authority on splendid food which reveals how familiar you must all be with such exotic foods as Na Papai Hoopi-hapiha and Nouilles Merilda and shows the extensive range of food choices offered by your cooks.

But, as I read these names and recalled certain things that I have seen in a Toronto newspaper which, I think, is adorned by your food-specializing correspondent, a sinister plot seemed to unfold.

Unless my memory is faulty, that Toronto paper had an editorial that, commenting on a medical investigation made in Ohio's penitentiary, prison farm and reformatory which revealed no cases of rheumatoid arthritis among the inmates, lamented how unfair this seemed. Then it concluded with the

hopeful wish that the residents of such institutions might suffer from gout.

Please don't laugh as you dine daintily on your fine diet of Lomo de Puerco en Salsa Roja, the disease of gout is a serious matter and well the author of that editorial, printed on July 2nd. 1957 - if memory serves me well, might have known it because on, I think it was about a year earlier, say March 21st. 1956, the same newspaper had an eminent columnist describing how he was about to confer with the head chefs of Toronto's two leading hotels in order to draw up a menu that would and I think I can remember the exact wording "...disable him with the gout, which I understand, is an ailment brought on by high living."

So, choose wisely between Bouillabaisse and Bacalao next Friday, you are likely to pay a high price in suffering for the temporary pleasure of these toothsome morsels.

Well, there's the picture: 1956, 1957 and the present day. The power of the press seems as though it might be directing a harsher punishment toward you than any court of justice would dare to mete out.

Take my advice before it's too late; turn your backs to the tournedo, yell Schchi right back at whoever mentions it in your hearing, insist on your rights when you are treated with Gazpacho.

No, rather than eat further doses of Duggag Muhammad or Pompano en Papillote demand food that has a Canadian name. I'm sure this will clear all the Popina Janja off the menu card.

Excuse any mistakes in the names of these dishes, please. I lent my copy of The Diamond to a friend and I'm not used to these fancy foods as you seem to be.

Editor's Note: In conjunction with the changing concept of penology in Canadian Prisons; a concept which emphasizes correction and rehabilitation, the Deputy Warden will be directly responsible to the Warden for medical, spiritual, correctional, and custodial welfare of inmates. In the future, all inmate problems will be channeled directly to the Deputy Warden. The following article, written by Warden Fred Smith is intended to outline and explain the various functions of the officers and departments which he governs, and Mr. Smith will select, in the order of their significance, one of these departments and contribute his professional explanation of and about that department for each issue of the Diamond. Mr. Smith will describe the basic framework of the selected department, and proceed to explain how that particular department should function to ensure proper and efficient administration.In this, the first of the proposed series, Mr. Smith supplies a general outline of the departments which are to be directed by the Deputy Warden. It might be kept in mind that all final rulings are to be made by the Warden.

POLICY

THE DEPUTY WARDEN

The Deputy Warden will be directly responsible to the Warden for the efficient operation of the Institutional Treatment and Training of inmates. He will be a member of the Area Selection board and the following will report directly to him:-

by Warden Fred Smith

- (a) The Medical Department
- (b) All Chaplains and Spiritual Advisers
- (c) The Assistant Deputy Warden
(Correctional Training)
- (d) The Assistant Deputy Warden
(Custody)

POLICY

To assemble a clearer picture of operations, it would be necessary to elaborate on the functions of the latter two departments. The spiritual and medical departments should be self-explanatory, so I will dispense with any explanation concerning them, and proceed to outline the duties of the Assistant Deputy Wardens, Custody and Correctional Training.

THE ASSISTANT DEPUTY WARDEN (Correctional Training)

The above-mentioned will be directly responsible to the Deputy Warden for the efficient operation of the following:-

- (a) The Vocational Education of Inmates
- (b) The Academic Education of Inmates
- (c) The Classification Department
- (d) Welfare of Inmates -
 - (i) Hobbycraft
 - (ii) Canteen Operations
 - (iii) Recreation
 - (iiii) Entertainment
- (e) The Censor Department
- (f) Inmate Publications

THE ASSISTANT DEPUTY WARDEN (Custody)

The above-mentioned will be directly responsible to the Deputy Warden for the efficient operation of the following:-

- (a) Custody of Inmates
- (b) Inmate Discipline
- (c) Security of the Institution
- (d) The Custodial Personnel
- (e) Reception and Discharge of Inmates

Both of the aforementioned departments are represented on the various board meetings which are held periodically or when necessary, and it might serve a purpose to outline these boards at this time, since, in the future series there will undoubtedly be some reference to them and their purposes.

THE CLASSIFICATION BOARD

Classification implies not only a thorough analysis of the individual and the factors of his background and environment which influenced his personal development, but also a procedure by which this information can be utilized as a basis for selecting a well rounded program for him.

The purpose of the Classification Board is to analyze the problems presented by the individual and decide in conference, upon a program of treatment and training based upon this analysis; to ensure that the program decided upon is placed into operation, and by observing the progress of the inmate under this program, change it when indicated.

The Classification Board is comprised of the following members:-

Chairman - Assistant Deputy Warden
(Correctional Training)

Members - Classification Officer
Chief Vocational Officer
Assistant Deputy Warden
(Custody)
Chief Trades Instructor
Assistant Warden (Service and
Supply)
Educational Supervisor

GRADING BOARD

The Grading Board sits every three months to determine, after careful study of the individual inmate's attitude, personal habits, and work habits, whether or not the individual is deserving of an increase in remuneration, or if he is perhaps deserving of a decrease.

POLICY

The Grading Board is comprised of the following members:-

Chairman - Assistant Deputy Warden
Classification Officer
(Correctional Training)
Chief Vocational Officer
Assistant Deputy Warden
(Custody)
Chief Trades Instructor
(Industry)
Chief Trades Instructor
(Construction)

EARNED REMISSION BOARD

The Earned Remission Board is designed to evaluate the inmate, his personal and work habits much the same as the Grading Board does, but will determine, instead of pecuniary allotments, if the inmate is deserving of the possible earned remission of three days per month.

The Earned Remission Board is comprised of the same members as the Grading Board.

Editor's Note: Next issue, Mr. Smith will give us an outline and explanation of the Vocational opportunities available at Collin's Bay, its brief background, its method of operation, and its purposes.

how much has Penology changed in 25 years...?

THEN

AND

NOW

Two decades past the sentencing of a man to the penitentiary meant a committment to degradation, dirt, derision, and denial. It meant cruelty bordering on torture, disease, frustration and extreme dehumanization. In brief, the recipient of a penitentiary sentence was reduced to the status of an animal. These conditions are exemplified by the negative attitude of public opinion which then prevailed; and by the various disciplinary and work programmes which are described in a later paragraph.

Today the penitentiary can mean hope. These things I know because I lived, and am living them. I lived in the penitentiary over a quarter of a century ago, and I live in a penitentiary now, and it is as the difference between now and a thousand years hence, or what one might imagine that difference to be.

I have spent altogether too many of my adult years within the walls of the penitentiary, and, before now, I had learned nothing but to keep my peace and mind my own business which was about the same as my fellow prisoners learned. Never did I, or any of my fellows have the opportunity to learn a trade or even to participate in any classroom discussion, whether it be therapy or academic education. Still I do not learn things, but it is not for the lack of opportunity. Here and now are the necessary facilities of learning both a academically and vocationally, and I see, with rather sad and embittered eyes that if I now sprinted on young legs instead of hobbling on old ones, I might take advantage of these facilities, accept the challenge, and learn to work as a worker in the world and a citizen in a free society.

by

Percy H. Smith

It is however, too late for me. The hour for me to redeem myself in the eyes of society and myself is long past; only that final and fatal redemption now awaits. But the younger people have a hope in their redemption and rehabilitation. It is here for them if they have the ambition to pursue it.

From the vantage of my age and experience, weighing *then* against *now*, I perceive a volcanic progression in the penal world, beginning with the changes of Agnes McPhail almost twenty years ago. At this time the volcano was just awakening from its two century slumber. Then there were the gradual changes which followed the Archambeault Report. These changes, it is true, were relatively insignificant, but they kept the volcano awake until recently when, under the direction of Allan J MacLeod, a penitentiary planning committee was instituted and the far-reaching changes were shortly effected. So at last society has accepted prisoners as being people with no foul stigma attached to them. This one, seemingly insignificant advancement has taken centuries to effect, and still there are multiple dissenters, but nothing can refute the progressive attitude of the public in, if not understanding, at least trying to understand the offender and his fellows. And nothing can refute the vast improvements in the treatment and training programmes maintained by our present system, over *then* and *now*, and to illustrate those. There are manifold differences between *then* and *now*, and to illustrate those differences which I have observed, I will re-enact my first visit to the penitentiary, which was in the year 1927.

Dragged along the road with shackles on my ankles and cuffs on my wrists, I was relieved to have at last reached my destination, oppressive as it was.

Entering the main gateway, I was sickened by the dank unhealthy stench and I tried to refrain from breathing. I was guided through all the necessary routine which then consisted of a bath and severe warning that the regulations of the institution were harsh and harshly enforced, and that the straps and canes were even harsher.

That evening I was allotted a cell, blankets, and nothing more. The cell was dark, but there was no light, it was infested with vermin, but there was no disinfectant, and it was indescribably unclean, but there was nothing with which to clean it. This was to be my home for the next several years.

The following morning I was interviewed by the Warden who, in those times, was the employment committee, classification department, and disciplinarian in one. The interview required only a few seconds after which I was sent to work. Here, I was given a choice of tools; shovel, pick-axe, or sledgehammer. If one did not desire or was unable to accept such tools and keep them in motion continually, he was liable to corporal punishment — the lash.

Then there was no opportunity for a convict to improve himself; no thought toward correction, training, or rehabilitation. Prison and punishment were synonymous, and there was no thought given to the wants and needs of the prisoner. It is true that, in some cases, the convict could be beaten or bullied into fearing a return to the penitentiary, but more often than not this treatment produced anger, bitterness, and aggression. In short, the man sought revenge, either through his fellow convicts, through the guards, or through society upon his return to it.

It required a strong back and a staunch heart to live under the then existing conditions, and frequently there were men who preferred to take the easy way out; the long jump from the fourth tier, the application of the razor blade to the wrist, or the knotting of the rope or belt around the neck. I knew such a man. He was my friend, and, like the rest of us had his problems. The working and waiting and watching became too much for him, so one day he plunged seventy-three feet from a gallery in the open dome to the cement floor below. He had decided that death was preferable to the life that he was living.

The imprisoned of this era must face none of this. For them there is a hope, and, what is even of more value, a helping hand from the penitentiary officials, from libraries and educational departments, and from members of the free society. Today there are numerous rehabilitation programmes from which any inmate may benefit. Today there is Group Therapy, Individual Therapy, Alcoholics Anonymous, Trades Training Courses, and manifold Academic opportunities. In the past, a man who was desirous of vocational or academic training was harrassed not only by the officials but by the inmates too, and consequently, there were few men willing to accept the hardship. Most men were satisfied to finish their sentence as easily and quietly as possible and nothing more.

Today, only a little better than two decades after my initial incarceration, the government, in conjunction with the institution and with the approval of society, is making a sincere effort to assist all inmates who are willing to accept assistance and work toward

their own betterment. It is equally amazing to me that they now scorn the cruel and primitive punitive methods of the past and that they permit, and even encourage, after-work recreation. Two decades past, after his daily work, the prisoner was secured in his cell with nothing but his bunk, toilet and sink. He was forbidden to speak with another prisoner, and had to ask obsequiously the permission of the guard before speaking to him.

The old system and the old beliefs have virtually disappeared and, even though I am unable to benefit from the new, I appreciate the value of it, and hope that the younger set can appreciate this also.

Now, when an inmate arrives at this institution, he is familiarized with the outstanding regulations by the chief keeper on his first day. On the second day, or shortly thereafter, he is interviewed by the classification officer, a man who seems to take a sincere interest in him and his case, and who immediately communicates a feeling of trust. The classification officer assists the inmate in solving any problems, whether they be concerned with the institution, personal conduct, or family, and encourages the man to call upon him in any time of stress. The classification officer also, after careful study of reports from various departments, places the man in categories as concerning parole, work, etc.

After his interview with the classification officer, instead of being assigned employment by the Warden as in the past, the inmate is called before the "Treatment Team." This is a group of penitentiary officials who are interested in the welfare of the inmate and who are responsible for placing him in

that type of employment which they feel he would best benefit from. This too is completely different from the past when a man was placed where he would best benefit the institution with little or no regard for his own welfare.

Even the custodial officers have changed. In the past they were a sloppy, surly lot, but today they are likeable, and for the most part pleasant. They are usually civil in their speech to the inmates, and often enjoy the occasional joke with an inmate. There is no bullying, beating or discrimination as there was in the past.

During my brief time here I have had several occasions to visit the vocational training shops, and I was astounded by some of the things that I saw; the new machines, tidy working areas, cleanliness, and most of all, the patience of the instructors with their pupils. The inmate of today, especially the trainee attacks his work with ambition, enthusiasm and pride. The inmate of yesterday grudgingly accepted the shovel and tried to do as little work as possible. The people are changing with the system and this is a certain sign of success.

The new is here and the old is gone. I did not completely realize this until one day I stopped into the carpentry shop. Looking inquiringly around me I suddenly discovered that I was lost right here in the penitentiary world which for years I thought I knew. Everything was new and real, yet it was unreal to me. The younger inmates, who were working away diligently, accepted everything for what it was, and took it for granted. But not so with me. Then and there I saw a shiny newness that was almost incomprehensible and, while gazing at the elaborate ma-

chinery and the fluorescent lighting, I thought back in time; back to my first sentence. I wondered nostalgically how I might have earned in life if, at that time I had all these opportunities at my avail. It was precisely that minute or so of wondering that provoked this article. I guess that it is difficult for humans to accept that they were born too soon or awakened too late, but then and there I realized that both these things had happened to me. I don't say this because of bitterness or self-pity. I did wrong in the first place. I knew the consequences of that wrong, and I deserved what I received. However, now I am thinking that perhaps I was also entitled to a little help, a little understanding and a little practical education. Unfortunately though, in my time, people thought of the convict or the ex-convict as some form of evil animal. He was given little chance either in or out of prison.

The inmate of today has many chances both in and out of the penitentiary. His chance in the penitentiary consists of training which will prepare him to qualify for the chances he will meet in society. The inmate of today is given encouragement and incentive. He is given, in some situations, financial assistance and guidance upon release. Some men even have jobs awaiting them upon their release. There was none of this in my time.

But my time is past. It is a long way back and, if I could, I would not go. It is a far better world now than it was then. I feel a little hurt that I have missed the opportunities that the present-day trade schools offer, but at the age of seventy-one, in my final lap of life, I am also encouraged to see that the younger generation is benefiting from these same things that were

not available to my youth. I am also encouraged to see that society has finally arrived at the realization that a man is entitled to a mistake without the necessity of destroying him.

In my lifetime I learned many things. I learned, albeit too late, that there is something superior to man and, despite being labelled senile, foolish and a doddering old idiot, I confess that I am satisfied now to leave my life and thereafter in the hands of that superior being. I think that others, especially the youth of today, should think about this and trust, if not to Him, then to

someone that the minds of the young may be strengthened, and that they may be prepared for a better future. I hope that these may not have to learn, in the manner in which I had to learn, that Crime Does Not Pay, but instead that they may be let and led into a bright new world where there is honesty, integrity and understanding. I hope that those who depart from here with the benefit of some course may never return, and in my estimation, there should be no need for any of them to return.

1962 UMPIRES

Umpires, as a rule, are given very little respect by either the ball-players or the fans, or such has been the case in years past. This year however, we think that both players and fans will have to give the umpires their support and their respect. Why? Because they command it!

Ball Commissioner Billy MacIsaac selected and trained what we venture to call the finest group of umpires ever seen in any institution; they are on the spot, they make the right calls, and they do not tolerate disrespect.

For approximately one month before the beginning of baseball season, Commissioner MacIsaac gathered his umpires in the 3-block committee room and schooled them in the laws of the game. MacIsaac also acquired new ball spikes for the umpires, fancy brown uniforms, and Cool-Aid for warm-day refreshments. The Diamond commends Billy MacIsaac and Chief Umpire Frank Zigmond for a job well done.

INMATE COMMITTEE...

Editor's Note: The following article was written with the express purpose in mind of further enlightening our outside readers as to the wants of inmates, and the manner in which these wants are discussed with the administration, and either accepted or rejected.

. . . meets with

"The

Man

Up

Front'"

In keeping with the letter of the laws and of their duty, and as official and duly recognized representatives of the inmate population, the inmate committee meets with the Deputy Warden a minimum of once a month. Although in future, because of the great change in the delegation of authority, they will be directly supervised by the Assistant Deputy Warden of Correctional Training, it is the *Diamond's* intention to recapitulate on the recent meetings with the Deputy Warden (now Warden).

Immediately after they were elected, Mr. Smith, at that time Deputy Warden, suggested to the committee that they prepare an agenda of all topics which they wished to discuss and submit this to him one or two days prior to the day on which they planned to meet him. This the committee did.

The following is a condensed report of the committee's first two meetings with the Deputy Warden.

* * * *

Full-time Committee Man:

Question: With the enlarged area of recreational facilities soon to be made available, we feel that it would be necessary to have at least one member of the Inmate Committee on a full-time, seven day a week basis to ensure a satisfactory schedule for all concerned.

Answer: Committee men will be relieved of all their duties and will be responsible for the entire area, inside and outside. We will pay each man for the extra work in rotation.

Pocket Books:

Question: Our library could be greatly increased and enhanced by the addition of many properly censored pocket books. Many inmates would be willing to purchase these themselves.

Answer: This will have to be discussed with the Chaplains.

Hot Water On Ranges:

Question: May there be a directive covering distribution of hot water on the ranges to ensure cleanliness?

Answer: There is absolutely no reason why a man can not get hot water. All men are entitled to hot water for purposes of personal cleanliness and to clean their cells.

Evening Refreshments:

Question: Could some type of evening refreshments be made available to the inmates? It is a long time from

six o'clock until eleven o'clock.

Answer: This will be considered for the opening of the new auditorium.

Drama, Debating, and Public

Speaking Groups:

Question: The committee strongly feels that there is a great opportunity and need for the refined social activities such as are mentioned in the subtitle. Could we have your ruling on such activities?

Answer: I feel that this is something that can only be answered in time. If there appears to be sufficient interest shown in these activities; then we will endeavour to promote them.

Salt Shakers:

Question: Is there any reason why salt shakers are not a government issue as they are in Kingston?

Answer: They are on order now.

Editor's Note: It might be appropriate to add here, that Mr. Smith made this order immediately upon hearing that the shakers weren't issued to the inmates.

Rough Tables:

Question: The tables on the ranges have a very rough surface. Playing cards last a very short period of time on such tops. May some arrangement be made to correct this?

Answer: Mr. Macey will see that they are sanded and refurbished.

This is but a brief portion of the agenda which was forwarded by the inmate committee. They are now preparing the different activities to the best of the inmates' interest.

High Society

"It's plain to see that you've been working too hard," stated the psychiatrist matter of factly. "You need a rest."

Farley Beecham grunted disgustedly. He had been tired and discontented before visiting this doctor, but now, after this seemingly meaningless babbling back and forth, he became exhausted and unnervingly angry, both with the doctor and with himself.

This doctor, it seemed, could not let the idea seep through to his cranial cavity that he, Farley Beecham, was a man of great responsibilities; a man who could not, by any stretch of the imagination, leave these responsibilities to go galavanting around the globe in search of relaxation. And God only knows he could not find relaxation at home.

At the office, for instance, Farley was directly responsible for the welfare and work habits of more than six hundred employees. Why he had shares in numerous solvent businesses, and was chairman of the board of stockholders for several of these same businesses.

In addition to these duties, Farley retained a most nauseating responsibility in his community, where he was unanimously looked upon as a social precedent, or the exemplary figure of the modernistic conservative. Sooner or later every man in the suburban community of Cahill was compared to Farley, and invariably emerged from this comparison as inferiors. The people of Cahill, of course, were all snobs of the most infuriating sort, so Farley made it a point to exact the same treatment from them, as they did from their social inferiors. Quiet and superiorly aloof, Farley frequently permitted the elite among his neighbours the great

privilege of speaking to him, if, of course, they were pleadingly polite and obsequious. Even then you could be sure that Farley would in some way insult them.

"And so Mr. Beecham," the doctor was concluding. "I would suggest that you avoid the strain for a while... get away from it all. At present you seem to suffer from a mild form of neurosis. This is not bad, but in your case it could very easily develop into a severe psychosis. So; you can take it from there."

"Thanks." Farley drafted out a cheque and handed it grudgingly to the doctor. As he left the office, he wondered what would be the result of taking the doctor's advice; could it possibly be done? Then, making his way to his car, on a sudden carefree impulse, he thought: "Dammit! I'll do it."

Driving homeward along Hidden Heights Boulevard, Farley pondered over the doctor's advice. Good, bad, or indifferent, he decided to do it for once and for all, despite cost or commotion. The automobile was now directly across from the imposing mansion of imitation marble which he had for some years called home. He shuddered. This was home; it was his marble monstrosity. all hedged off from the neighbouring estates, and opening only to the drive by the way of a gigantic wrought iron gate.

Farley entered the mansion, slamming the door behind him. As he cautiously made his way toward the arched stairway that led to the second floor, and his room, he was interrupted by his wife Lenore. Lenore wore a bright red dress which hung loosely on her trim figure. She had shining yellow hair and a soapy complexion that might appear

homely except for the mischevious, flashing blue eyes which always seemed to be hiding some hilarious secret, and the lips which were deformed in a constant grin.

"Farley, what have you there?" she demanded, pointing to the bundle of papers under his arm.

Farley sighed. For years he had been playing this game with his wife. He had been permitting Lenore to presume that she was the dominant figure in the household, knowing that it gave her great pleasure, but also that he need only offer a beligerant defiance once to relagate her to her rightful position. At times this pretense was unnerving, but it had been going on for years, so there seemed to be no apparent season for it to change now. Farley answered his wife: "I have some travel folders, my dear. Doctor Adams, that psychiatrist near the office, thinks that I've been working too hard. He suggested that I take a vacation."

"That's exactly what I've been telling you for years," admonished Lenore in a tone ringing with righteousness. "Working too hard is not good for one's constitution."

"Doctor Adams said that it wasn't good for my head."

"Well," replied Lenore thoughtfully, "he's right. Hard work sometimes causes headaches. Why, do you know Farley, that sometimes when I'm watering the flowers I get the most terrible headaches."

"Yes, my dear."

There was a thoughtful silence, and then Lenore queried, "I think that this doctor has a good point, Farley. I think that everyone needs a vacation."

"Then, my dear," replied Farley with the faintest trace of a twinkle in his eyes, "perhaps this vacation will serve

as a remedy to all my problems."

"It will Farley. I declare it will."

"Then," nodded Farley, "could we discuss the situation in more detail? We must make plans of course?"

"Of course," she repeated authoritatively

"I must change into my smoking apparel. Might we discuss this in the parlour after supper?" he queried suggestively.

"That will be quite suitable, dear," she ventured in dismissal.

After the evening meal Farley escorted Lenore into the parlour. A major crisis developed over the problem of a comfortable seating arrangement, but Farley's ingenuity finally solved the problem when he courteously offered his favourite chair to his fuming wife, and snarled beneath his breath. All things being settled, the loving couple unfolded the travel folders and began to study them.

Two hours passed swiftly without enthusiasm, and without a decision. Italy, Greece, India; Farley had been to all these places before, but he detested them,

"My dear," said Farley, finally exasperated, "since we are unable to arrive at a decision this evening, might we possibly adjourn until tomorrow?"

Lenore nodded vigorously. "I was thinking exactly the same thing."

"Would ten o'clock be suitable?"

"By all means."

"Good night, then," said Farley cheerily as he dutifully kissed her on the cheek.

"Quite right!" replied Lenore dreamily as she watched him retreat hastily from the room.

The following morning they were both up early. Neither of them

approached the parlour until the appointed hour of ten o'clock, at which time, both of them delved hungrily into the immense stack of folders.

"Don't you think Spain might be enjoyable?" asked Lenore.

"Was there in '51," he mumbled, "too noisy."

"Farley!" she scolded, "don't you dare mumble at me. You are right though, Spain was much too noisy."

Farley felt like saying, "almost as noisy as you dear," but instead he replied, "I am sorry, my dear."

"Quite all right, dear. Besides, you were right anyway; Spain was too noisy."

And so the search continued; eager suggestion; strained, but restrained and polite rejection; suggestion and rejection until finally the project was interrupted by the dinner hour.

During the noon meal, Farley was beginning to think that the search was futile. It was even much worse than working. As a matter of fact, compared to this pointless and fruitless searching, work was enjoyable. He seemed overly frustrated, and a strange sensation of despair was creeping into the marrow of his bones. "What's the use," he thought. He had been everywhere, and seen everything that was worth seeing, and very little of these gave him any enjoyment. It seemed that no matter where he travelled, people were madly rushing hither and thither, obsessed by the prospects of increasing their wealth. It seemed to Farley that peace and quiet no longer existed. The word carefree seemed to have become extinct.

"Don't worry Farley," assured Lenore, "we'll find just the place."

"Hmmm," he replied, not too enthusiastically. It was beginning to enter his

mind that the whole idea was an unfortunate mistake. He was on the verge of rejecting the idea and returning to work. At least when he was at work he could solve most of the problems that he was confronted with; there were formulae and various other methods for solving problems there, but this; this was an unprecedented problem, much too involved for even his superlatively intelligent mind to cope with.

But wait! Suddenly an impishly wicked smile flashed across his face. His eyes sparkled mischievously. "I've got it!" he blubbered, "yes, yes, just the thing."

"Oh Farley," Lenore enjoined excitedly, "I knew we could do it." she waited, but he didn't speak. Finally her curiosity forced her to ask: "what have you decided?"

Farley smiled, but said nothing.

"Well," she demanded, "tell me what you have decided."

"Not at the moment, my dear," he smirked.

Lenore's pride was seriously injured. "Well," she whimpered, "if that's all you think of me..." He chuckled and trotted to the front door. "Farley," she cried, "you'll regret this. Wait, Farley." The door slammed, and she commenced to sob.

Later the same afternoon, Farley telephoned Lenore and informed her of his whereabouts, sparing none of the descriptive details. Lenore immediately contracted a nervous breakdown.

One might understand then, that Lenore was not quite her usual self when a Mr. Kelsey from the office called at the mansion in search of Farley. Mr. Kelsey was the recently hired accountant for Farley's firm, and as yet, he had not met his boss, but had naturally

heard stories about his rigid behaviour. Therefore, Mr. Kelsey was duly polite and obsequious as he crept in to inquire after Mr. Beecham's whereabouts. It seemed that the firm was in some financial difficulty, and an immediate decision was to be made, preferably by Mr. Beecham.

Mr. Kelsey, beginning negatively when he failed to sympathize with the bed-ridden Lenore, did not have the self-control that Farley did, and when Lenore refused to disclose Farley's whereabouts, Kelsey resorted to threats. "If you don't tell me where he is, tomorrow you might be out in the cold," he said disgustedly.

"Floosh!" She pompously blew her nose, as if to answer, "ridiculous." She still refused to answer.

"Okay," replied Kelsey, "if you want to become penniless overnight, it doesn't matter to me." He prepared to leave.

"Wait!" Lenore, for all her faith in Farley, seemed to get the impression that this man was not fooling. One might understand that Mr. Kelsey, who had heard nothing but favourable reports about Mr. Beecham, was astonished, and a little embarrassed when Mrs. Beecham replied in hysterically garbled voice, "yes, Farley left word. He...he..." She paused and mustered her strength. "Drive out to the east end of the city, beyond that dirty Cans-town section, toward the railway depot. In this area, just look for the filthiest... piece of property, and old, dirty wooden shack...empty bottles strewn upon the lawn. When you get this far, you can't miss Farley, er, Mr Beecham. Just look for the dirtiest-looking man in the bunch; the man who laughs the loudest, and talks and drinks the most - that will be your boss - Mr. Farley Beecham.

TORONTO

Correspondent
invades meeting
Officers to get
British tea

The Diamond's correspondent at large, the churl of Mortgage Manor, conned his way into a conference of the Ontario Probation Officers' Association, back in April. It was a raw, windy day, and the churl figured he'd be more comfortable indoors than trying to pan-handle the deserted streets of downtown Toronto.

Dr. John Spencer of the University of Toronto School of Social Work did most of the talking. He told the probation people (who seemed to be pretty good Joes, judging by their comments about white collar criminals.

He admitted, right at the start, that he didn't know much, if anything, about Canadian members of the trade or Profession. He worked as a probation officer and magistrate in Eng-

land before he turned professor, and what he had learned was about the naughty British boys. Being a scholastic type, he was honest enough to say he hadn't found out a great deal about them, either.

Anyway, Dr. Spencer's definition of a white collar criminal was: "A person of the upper socio-economic class who violates the criminal law in the course of his occupational activities".

He went on to say that such jokers are only upper class as long as they're outside the jug or confined to a special bastille of their own. If they get mixed with run-of-the-courts yeggs, they are only second-raters. Socially, they're outranked by burglars and muggers.

REPORT

at large
for Probation
story about
party.

by

Lex Scrag

Dr. Spencer talked to thirty of these characters at a special country club (which will be described in a minute or so). Nearly all of them were middle-aged parties who had been tossed into the pokey for frauds, embezzlements and the like.

He found they were all immensely ambitious and full of drive, go, ginger and energy. All of them had been doing very nicely, even when they were on the level, but they all wanted to do a whole lot better. They were all impatient of the bureaucratic rules and regulations about how they should run their businesses, and mighty impatient with the boards and commissions that enforced these rules.

Well, when they got to talking about it, the probation people said it wasn't fair. They'd seen nit-witty lads who had taken a \$4,000 car get three years in the pen, while these white collar chap-pies would get a good deal shorter stretch for lifting tens of thousands of pounds, or dollars.

Besides, the joint Dr. Spencer described was a real rest home. It had been a country estate; it had beautiful gardens and a first-class cricket pitch. It was an open institution. In fact, when one big wheel's daughter was getting married in a fashionable London church, he was given two days' leave to attend the festivities. The probation people did some tooth-grinding over the injustice of such goings-on.

However, it seemed to the churl they overlooked a couple of important socio-

logical points. The operations these jokers tried to carry out didn't involve the possibility of anyone getting a bullet through the basket.

The churl is dopey enough to believe that life and limb are more important than the almighty buck, and that the law should protect them first, and the population's liquid assets second. After all, the way inflation is creeping up on the country, there doesn't seem to be much use in tucking away any peanuts for a rainy day.

The other pitch that seemed to go by the probation folk was that ambition and drive are two qualities the current culture worships. They're what make the big politicians and business executives. There are, to be sure, a few other characteristics that are supposed to go along with drive and ambition, such as honesty and humanity, but they don't seem to be prime requisites any more — if they ever were.

So it looks as if The Diamond's captive readers would better themselves

if they just CAN'T go straight, by working their way up into the white collar class.

(Now, wait a minute, Mr. Warden. Watch your blood pressure, sir! This is really a sly, underhand curve that's coming over the plate. The thing is, to be a white collar offender, a guy has to have some education. And if he gets some education, see, there's a better chance he'll be able to work out the odds against him getting away with anything. And anyway, the churl figures con men aren't as much of a menace to the community as bank busters.)

Of course, Ontario doesn't have any summer resort for the high-class embezzlers, right now.

Nothing that's nearly as plush as the British brig Dr. Spencer described. Still, our governments strive to please, and there's a fair chance that if they got the trade, they might rig up something pretty comfortable to accommodate the customers.

• • • • •
VARIATION OF AN OLD THEME.

Every now and then, the churl keeps harping on the question asked by The Diamond's editor: why does Joe stay out of trouble while Hank gets himself stuffed into stir?

The churl managed to put this up to a Crown Attorney a few weeks ago. The Crown guy gave a good answer, too. He said:

"Hell, man, that's no question to ask a lawyer. That's something for the sociologists, and it will take them years and years before they come up with

anything like a real answer.

"In this business, we get all kinds — men from good homes, bad homes, no homes at all. Some of them are mean guys, and some of them seem to be decent jokers who slipped, or who got led astray. Some of them are educated and some of them are as ignorant as pigs. They have only one thing in common, as far as I can see."

"What's that?" asked the churl.

"They broke the law," snapped the Crown Attorney.

meet

the

SINNERS

-- a sport special --

In the opening game of their 1962 Exhibition Schedule, the institution's All-Star team, The Sinners, defeated Kingston's Commodore Hotel Club 9-2. The local area's Junior K.A.S.A. entry proved unable to thwart the sinners' power. Three circuit clouts highlighted the game, all by the Sinner side of the roster. Team captain George Preston was responsible for sending two of these balls into orbit.

At the Sinner's helm again this year is Bill MacIsaac. Bill managed last season's Sinners through a very successful schedule; one of the most successful in recent years. In a recent interview, the local mentor was questioned as to the difference between the two squads. His answer: "Well, the loss of our top catcher, Dino Canary had given me some concern, but the new personnel has offset that loss. Particularly Dave Crockatt, Jerry Marsh, and Ted Hucker. Dave's power, coupled with the versatility of Marsh and Hucker have definitely strengthened this year's squad. We're a little shallow in the pitching department right now, but who can predict what will transpire in the next few months?

From this report, it would appear that our Sinners look promising. They'll have to be good, as they are scheduled to meet the top calibre teams of the Senior K.A.S.A. this summer.

Here is a brief look at the local hickory swingers:



George Preston: Sinner captain. 6' 1", first baseman with the left-hand power, though seldom pulls. Sinner player for four seasons, with 15 months remaining in his 10 year "contract"



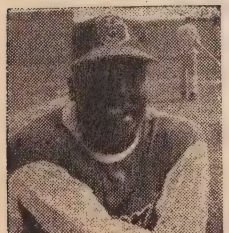
Bruce Beechener: 5' 7", 140 pound Toronton-ian, Bruce plays every position but pitcher, and plays them all with excellence. Vies constantly with team-mate Benny Bannach for "Best All Round Player Award". Bruce is ending his 4th season at the Bay.



Benny Bannoch: 21 year old Polish-born athlete with tremendous versatility, Ben has excellent range at short-stop, coupled with a shot-gun arm. A manager's gem, Benny is serving 15 years, and has four in.



Eddie Judge: Big, big glove at the hot corner. Ed is the Cletis Boyer of Collin's Bay. Nuff sed!



Jerry Marsh: Newcomer to the Bay, Jerry has speed to burn as he covers left field. Excellent place hitter with power, can steal a base like Apericio. Marsh is a Toronto boy with a little more than a year left on four.



Jimmy Armour: Now here's a centre-field picket! If they can get by Jimmy, they've got to be homers. Tremendous arm, great speed. A smiling, genial Hamiltonian, Jimmy could have a few more seasons left, but let's hope not.



Dave Crockatt: Like at the Alamo, this is the *big gun*. Clean-up hitter who oozes with power. Dave can pull or go with the pitch. A seasoned veteran from Toronto, who never seems to age, Dave plays anywhere with equal adeptness.



Billy-Bruce Pierce: Hurlled a no-hit; no-run game last season against Toronto's Teachers' College, a pproduct of Hamilton, Bill has great control and sharp breaking stuff. The mainstay of the mound staff, Bill stands 5' 10" and has a little better than two left on a fiver.



Ted Hucker: A Windsorite returned after a brief absence, Ted has helped fill the gap behind the plate. Essentially a second baseman, Ted has done a fine job of calling signals. A good hitter, and former manager of '60 Sinner team, he works hard at any position.



H U M O U R



While waiting to be served in a fashionable restaurant, a customer tied his napkin around his neck in bib fashion. This procedure distressed the manager so much that he told a waiter to tell the customer, as tactfully as possible, that this simply was not done in the restaurant.

The waiter walked to the table and, in as polite a tone as he could manage, asked, "What'll it be sir, shave or a haircut?"

—O—

An old river steamer, making a historical trip had stopped because of the dense fog. An impatient passenger asked why they had stopped.

"Can't see up the river," the captain answered.

"But I can see the stars overhead," replied the passenger.

"Yes," agreed the captain, "but unless the boilers explode, I don't intend to go that way."

An honest farmer was asked to dine with a gentleman. The farmer requested that the gentleman bow his head for the accustomed table blessing. The gentleman host jeered at this, "That's old fashioned... Its not customary now for well educated people to pray at the table."

The farmer politely answered that with him it was customary, although some members of his household did not pray.

"Ah, then," said the host, "they are sensible and enlightened. Who are they?"

Quietly the farmer answered: "They, sir, are my pigs."

During an inspection tour at a Boy Scout Camp, the director found an umbrella neatly rolled inside one of the bed rolls. Since umbrellas were not listed as a necessary camping item, he asked the small lad to explain.

"Sir," asked the Scout with a weary sigh, "did you ever have a mother."

Ethel, aged six, was combing her hair. "Mamma," she asked, "what makes my hair crackle when I comb it?"

"Why, dear," answered her mother, "you have electricity in your hair!"

"Aren't we a funny family," mused Ethel, "I've got electricity in my hair and grandma has gas on her stomach."

A man called for information at the telephone office. "I want to speak to Mr. Dill," he said.

The operator asked, "Is it 'B' as in Bill?"

"No," answered the man, "its 'D' as in pickle."

HOBBYCRAFT

By

Bill Hardman

- ☐ **LEATHERCRAFT**
- ☐ **COPPERCRAFT**
- ☐ **COSTUME JEWELLERY**
- ☐ **WOODWORKING**
- ☐ **PAINTING**
- ☐ **FLY TYING**
- ☐ **PETIT POINT**

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the Hobbycraft Programme here at Collin's Bay, the Diamond reporter mentioned above will describe the various aspects of it.

Hobbycraft is a cellular activity and is done during the inmate's free time. The benefits of hobbycraft are manifold: it occupies the inmate's idle time with much more than the usual idle thought, it teaches him patience, judgement in the purchase of materials, and judgement in fixing prices of finished products, it releases pent up emotions, channels thinking along more constructive avenues, allows for a measure of creativity, allows the inmate the much needed feeling of achievement, and in most cases affords the inmate the opportunity of accumulating sufficient pecuniary benefits to carry him upon discharge until he is able to obtain employment.

There are a great many persons who are under the impression that the insti-

tution supplies the inmate with a hobby. This is not so. All materials, tools, designs, and books of instructions are either purchased by the inmate or forwarded to him by a relative. For some hobbies the tools and designs are immensely expensive, and the initial investment is large.

The hobbyists here at Collin's Bay take particular pride in their superior workmanship, and in the quality of materials used in the processing of articles. This past fall the general public had an opportunity to see the creative abilities and fine workmanship of our hobbyists when displays were set up at the Kingston Fair and the Ottawa Exposition. Compliments and sales from both fairs exceeded all expectations.

During the past year the Hobbycraft Officer handled approximately \$35,000 worth of finished articles. It can readily be seen by this figure that more and more inmates are becoming interested and involved in hobbies than at any previous time.

When a finished article of hobbycraft is sold here or mailed out to friends or relatives, 10% of the gross value is deducted and immediately transferred to the Inmates' Welfare Fund. The remaining amount is placed in the individual's Trust Fund. An example: an article which sells for \$20.00 has \$2.00 taken off the top and transferred to the Inmates' Welfare Fund...Now, the material for said article might have cost \$12.00, thus leaving the individual with a profit of \$6.00 for his time, labour, and skill. This is actually a very small margin of profit when one takes into consideration that to manufacture a ladies' handbag which sells for \$18.00 to \$25.00, approximately 22 hours are consumed on labour.

Following is a brief description of the more popular hobbies at Collin's Bay. LEATHERCRAFT is enjoying great popularity and always does. Leather can be worked in many ways such as carving, tooling, embossing, and plain. Among the many leather products available are ladies' handbags, mens or ladies' wallets, pocket secretaries, matching key cases, gun holsters for children, waist belts, photo albums and many other interesting products. There is an unlimited choice of designs, sizes and colours for all leather articles, and as leather ages, it acquires beauty and becomes more valuable as a finished product.

COPPERCRAFT is usually worked from plastic mould template. There are a few men who have adapted themselves to free-hand methods, thus demonstrating their self-taught skill, and creativity. From the moulds come beautifully worked religious plaques, antique Oriental and Early Roman plaques, plus many modern scenes. Silhouettes and portraits by the free-hand coppercraft workers are among the finest pieces of craftsmanship available.

COSTUME JEWELLERY is also a popular item. The interest that the men take in their work, and that little extra thought to selection of materials and designs is evident in most of the jewellery work done by Collin's Bay craftsmen. Quite the opposite of what might be expected for this type of workmanship and materials, is that

they are relatively inexpensive. A new kind of costume jewellery is making its debut here and seems to be catching on fast. This recently introduced jewellery work is the gem craft from original stones all of which are guaranteed to be over a million years old, and which come from all parts of the world, and in all shapes and sizes.

WOODWORKING & MINIATURE WOOD CARVING is another hobby which has picked up tempo in the last few months. The men following these hobbies are responsible for producing original designs in table lamps, T.V. lamps, jewel and cigarette boxes. These articles are finished with select veneers and tooled with the intricate designs of the devoted craftsman. Miniature wood, or chip carving is a self-taught hobby that, although it produces beautiful articles, can at times be tedious and time consuming.

PAINTING & SKETCHING, except for the work of the few good artists is generally done via the painting by number kits. The latter, if worked on patiently, can become a fine piece of art. The artists who work in oils on canvas have produced some excellent scenic images and portraits with depth and feeling inherent in them. In the painting and sketching field of endeavour, we also boast several fine cartoonists who have received many compliments on their unique styles.

FLY TYING is a hobby that is usually adopted by an ardent fisherman who wishes to manufacture his own

flies, some original and some of pattern, but all usually expensive if purchased in the usual manner. At present there is an expert fly man in the institution, and his cards of flies are the envy of every fisherman.

PETIT POINT & NEEDLE POINT are hobbies which require skill, patience and very good eye-sight. It takes many, many hours to work a picture in petit point. For example, Gainsborough's Blue Boy takes about 295 hours when processed in three thread by an experienced worker. Petit point is very beautiful work and sells at such reasonable rates that one would think that the inmate's only rewards are in the sense of accomplishment which he must derive from such work. In petit point, only silks and cottons are used. In needle point, all wool thread is used. The needle point products are ideal for upholstering very expensive and antique furniture.

There are other hobbies which are expected to grow in popularity, and we hope that the hobbyists might be allotted, in the future, a work room with more space, so that the experienced hobby men can give instruction to the beginners.

By now you should have a clearer (probably about as clear as mud) picture of the hobbycraft programme maintained at Collin's Bay. If at any time you wish to purchase a finished article, or if you wish to order an article and have it made to your own specifications, contact the Hobbycraft Officer care of Collin's Bay Penitentiary, Box 190, Kingston, Ontario.

Oh piece of wood,
I love thee,
Particle of forest,
Of some mighty tree,
That is great and good,
That is noblest and best,
High and slim and free,
Oh mighty tree,
I love this wood,
As I love thee.

He saw,
With bitter lens,
The evil of the world,
The dark of light,
And alone,
He crept,
Into silence
And night;
Alone.

Poems

The lake lies vapid and serene,
Fringed by the birches, tall and lean,
On the smooth grey surface can be seen,
First light of morning, dancing lightly,
Neath the surface, smooth like glass,
Swims the weary homebound bass.
And I must go away, alas!
And leave the lake waves dancing
brightly.

by Michael Dean.

Oh night, deep and dark,
Vague and hollow,
Dimensionless and silent;
I hear the throb of your heart,
Above the gnashing of them,
The brutal beings,
Who destroy
The beauty of your symphonic silence,
Who wail out
The fearful uncertainties of their souls,
Lost and base and violent,
Across your proud, dark face,
And cling,
To their ignorance,
With brash and brutal noise.

by Inmates

Life is like a mountain railway,
With an engineer that's brave,
Who must make the run successful,
From the cradle to the grave;
Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels,
Never falter, never quail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
And your eyes upon the rail;
Blessed Saviour thou wilt guide us
Till we reach that distant shore,
Where the angels wait to join us,
In thy praise forever more.

by Percy H. Smith

ASIDE GLANCE

at

BASEBALL

by Joe

The C.B.S.A. Leagues opened up under the guidance of the 1962 Softball Commissioner Bill MacIsaac. Operating under a new iron-clad constitution, the managers for the coming season were appointed as follows: In the Major League, the Yankees are mentored by Bruce Beechener, the White Sox under the leadership of Jerry Beatty, Ted Hucker has the Tigers while Mack McDougall controls the reins of the Indians. Working on an affiliated basis with the Major League clubs are the Minor loop squads with Don Irwin handling the fledgling Mets, Norm Powers back again to guide the Dodgers, "Jolting Joe" McKeown with the Pirates and Rookie Mentor Bill Thornton whipping the Giants.

Opening day victories went to the Yankees in the senior loop who downed the Indians 13 - 3 while the Dodgers bested the Giants in the junior circuit by 15 - 13. For the Bombers, Lefty George Dietch did yeomen's work on the hill to hold the Indians attack in check. Dave Cameron, Red Johnson, Jim McDermott and Bobby Greer carried the big bats for the winners while McCarthy, Beechener and Benning rose to the occasion on defence. Indians hurler and manager McDougall experienced some streaks of wildness although he was never tagged for any more than 3 runs in any one inning. It was simply a case of continual picking away by the Yankees that amassed the 13 run

total. Preston, Judge and Fairbairn steady in the field with "The Arab" Francis providing the RBI power that helped the Tribemen avert a shut-out.

For the Minor League Dodgers and their manager Norm Powers, victory is not uncommon. A successful leader in last year's circuit, "Powers has the power" is the motto this season also. Symms, Subanovitch, Grabouski, Provost and Brasseu are all capable of that big blast while Jacques can hold his own on the mound. Dufty, Benedict and Collins give the Dodgers versatility and balance that can make them champions.

Losing only by a scant 2 runs has earmarked the Giants as solid contenders this year. Actually, this team must be considered as strong with the personnel it is carrying. Disotelle, Shultz and Thornton are the big guns in the Giants arsenal and Meyers, McKay, Richardson and Burns share the hickory with equal adeptness. Astles, Kerr and McDonald constitute the mound corps with Astles quite capable of handling the other end of the battery duties also.

The remaining clubs are yet to be tested at this writing but it would appear from the results of a brief exhibition schedule that they are an equally balanced lot. For the Major League Tigers, Ted Hucker will enjoy the services of such experienced fielders as Benny Bannach, Jimmy Armour and John Wilkinson. George Marshall, who has made the jump from the minor loop this season will give the Tigers versatility and added mound strength to back up Jack Menard who is also making his debut in the senior league. "Satch" Leroux at first and Ernie Coates at third give the Bengals strength down

the lines.

Jerry Beatty, who is making his first start as a manager, has his White Sox tagged as the team to beat by some of the fans. Billy Pierce his hurler, must be considered as one of the roughest pitchers in the league right now. Backing him up defensively, Beatty has Don Grosse a rookie second sacker, veteran Davie Crockett, Bill Boyd, Jimmy Post, Doug Marsdin, Bill Hardman and the speedy, experienced Jerry Marsh.

To round out the Minor League clubs, Joe McKeown's Pirates merit some tains some rather competent glove men. Bobby Gough, Lonsberry, Watson and Bedard can trap the horsehide while Bob Huff, Rick King, Russell and Robillard can send it into orbit.

The Mets, under the driving whip of Don Irwin are the odds-on choice at this time to storm to the league lead. Irwin himself, the only portside chucker in the junior loop, has good control and adequate speed. Saxby, Crockett, Druce, Peckham and Harold Reimer will seal up that infield with John Meaney, Booth and Steward covering the picket areas. Lots of bench strength with Wiggins, Gordon, Raika and Sinclair to call upon in times of distress.

In summation; of all the men who placed their names in to participate in the new season, only 17 remain in the player's pool. These men can be drafted at any time to the minor league teams and no doubt will. The Commissioner maintains that as long as four teams are operating in the major circuit, everyone who wants a chance to play ball will get it. It is towards this end that the new constitution and schedules were drawn up. At this writing, there appears to be no difficulty in maintaining this equitable balance.

the Champions



The soccer season at Collin's Bay was terminated in a very unexpected manner for two reasons: first, the underdog Flamingos virtually stole the laurels from the Park Royals who were undefeated during the regular season, and second, the winning team was given chocolates as prizes; the first time in many years that prizes have been allotted.

The Park Royals enjoyed an undefeated season to wind up in first place and earn a bi, while the Flamingos struggled to defeat the Bohemians in the semi-finals.

the *Champions*

Goal

Dennis Downes

Defense

John McBain

Bill Hardman

Half

George Preston

Jimmy Post

Jim McDermott

Centre

Marty Pilnaczek

Wings

Harvey Babin

Joe Amato

Bobby Gough

Ron Druce

score of 3 to 2. The second game, however, was not easy on either team and the score, after overtime, remained a one all tie. This obvious show of force by the Flamingos must have encouraged their players to a great extent because the next game they won easily by a 3 to 1 margin, thus evening the series. The fourth game, which was the hardest fought of the entire series, ended in a three-three tie, but not before two periods of overtime had been played with each team scoring in overtime. Thus it was that the fifth game was to be the final unless another tie was recorded.

The fifth and final game was really no contest. The inspired Flamingos seemed to tear right through the Royals, scoring one goal against the wind in the first half, and two goals with the wind at their backs in the second half to wind up the soccer season and win the championship by defeating the bed-raggl'd Park Royals 3 to 0.

The outstanding player for the victorious Flamingos was their playing manager Martin Pilnaczek, who was a great hustler on the field and scored the greater percentage of his teams goals. Bobby Gough for the Flamingos set up some very nice goalmouth passes and carried the ball well throughout the series for the Flamingos as did Joe Amato and Harvey Babin. George Preston was very steady and ready with the long kick at all times.

The best for the Park Royals were Joe Kokay, who was the scoring champion during the regular season, speedsters Jimmy Armour and Bruce Beechener, and Ernie Coates.

The photo above, showing the victorious Flamingo team was taken immediately after the final game.

In the first game of the final series, it appeared as if the Park Royals were well on their way to the championship as they defeated the Flamingos by a

Opening Day In The Big League



Before one of the largest turn-outs in recent years, the Collin's Bay Penitentiary Softball Association opened it's 1962 season on Saturday, May 19th. Complete with visiting dignitaries and prizes, the local fence-busters got off to an auspicious start. Taking part in the Opening Day Ceremonies were Mr. V.J. S. Richmond, Collin's Bay Warden, along with Deputy Mr. Fred Smith. Also invited to attend by are Inmate Committee were Asst. Deputy Warden William Westlake and Padre Canon Swan. The Classification Dept. was represented by W. Rynasko while the Library's Mr. Hogeboom and Asst. Warden Rodgers also watched the proceedings.

Taking the pitching assignment for the visiting dignitaries was Bill "The Fireballer" Westlake. His battery mate was Padre Swan with Mr. Smith at the initial sack. Calling the balls and strikes was Mr. "Peepers" Rynasko. And last but far from being least, at the plate the Big Gun, Mr. Richmond. With the stands cheering for a strike-out. Mr. Richmond crossed them up by finally connecting with the third pitch to literally "get the ball rolling".

Five draws were made between innings for prizes for the fans in the stands. Two packages of cigarettes went to the lucky winners.

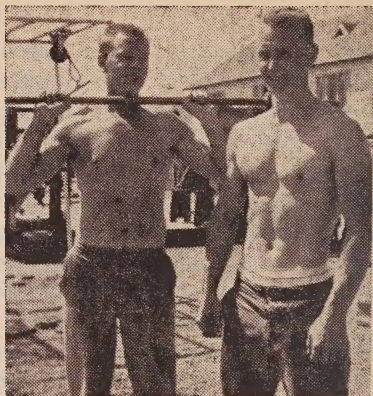
The planning, organizing and final execution of the Opening Day rites was the result of efforts of many of the inmates who worked in conjunction with Acting Recreational Officer, Mr. "Hub" Macey and Mr. Jim Edmunds. First and foremost, our hard-working Inmate

Committee comprised of Bruce Beechener, Bill Hardman and Joe Houska. These men have toiled hard and long, particularly Beechener, in getting all the equipment and playing fields in condition. Jack Johnson and Ken Duffy headed a groundkeeping corps who have worked unceasingly during the past inclement weather to guarantee us adequate playing conditions. Ted Hucker in the equipment shack, John McBain the electrician, J.P. Dunstan and Woodhouse in the Canteen, Mel Benedict and Kirkwood on the scoreboard, Mike Turchynski, Jimmy Fisher and Dick Green the official Scorers along with Bob Leigh our P.A. man deserve our plaudits for their time-consuming labours on our behalf.

No baseball season could be successful without it's "Men-in-blue" and, while not intending to mitigate the work of last season's Umpiring Staff, it must be said that this year's crew are a vast improvement and are doing a really fine job in calling the balls and strikes. Headed by the Chief Umpire Frank Zigmond, we have John Byers, Doug Olmstead, "Ham" Burgher, Doug Izatt, Ken Longchamp, Dennis Downes, "Duke" King, Pete Beretti and Larry Vantour. In prison more than in free society, the task of controlling games is a thankless one as one attempts to arbitrate amid a sea of rebels, but hats off to this year's fine staff.

We are all hoping that the remaining games of this season are as successful as were the Opening Day games.





Weights At Collin's Bay

Told to round up a story on weightlifting, I lingered limply around the weights, surveying with disinterest the many muscled males who were consistently grunting and groaning in attempts to force heavy weights above their heads, or struggling with weights in other awkward positions.

It all seemed rather purposeless at first, but then I was taken into the confidence of several of the men. I discovered from these men that weights are not only used by weightlifters, but also by body builders. I also discovered that the routines and the results differ immensely from weightlifter to body builder.

The weightlifter usually begins lifting a weight that is proportionate to his size and weight and then continues to lift heavier and heavier weights as he advances in his training. All good weightlifters follow a chart prepared by some professional man or institution so that they may derive the ultimate benefit from their exercising. Unfort-

unately, the weightlifting programme here has not advanced enough to arrange for outside competition, but if the serious weightlifters continue to develop as they are presently, they should be able to offer a challenge in the very near future.

One of the regular weightlifters who only recently departed from these hallowed halls, began lifting when he weighed only 169 pounds. His first military press was 124 pounds, and when he left here he was pressing a little better than 250 pounds. This progress was made in a period of twenty-four months, and this, considering that our weights are all outdoors where it is difficult to work properly in the winter, constitutes an amazing accomplishment.

Of the regular weightlifters, the more serious seem to be Bobby Huff, Gordie Tait, Roger Madore, Dennis Downes, Gibby Gibson, Gaston L'Houllier, and Carmen Bradshaw. The latter also works out with a body building routine and enjoys great success. The above mentioned are only a few of the regulars who show up to lift every day in the proper way, or to do correlative exercises. Any of these lifters are more than willing to assist a newcomer in lifting or setting up a chart.

In body building it appears that there are many excellent systems and routines that the individual may follow. As in every sporting activity offering a variation, there are likes and dislikes, and therefore, in body building, several routines are followed by our devout body-men.

The first step in body building is the goal, end, destination, or whatever you like it to be called. The individual should visualize a destination; a reason-

able proportion of body that is possible to be reached. When he has decided upon his destination, the prospective body builder must decide upon and set up a schedule so that he may reach his destination. All builders do not respond to the same routine so often it is necessary to alter them as they progress. It may take many months of perserverance to develop even a reasonably well-proportioned body, and when this is attained, proper and careful exercise should be continued in order to maintain it. One of the devout body builders is Sam Cleveland. Sam, and any of the other builders are constantly ready and willing to give up some time and advise to those who wish to learn. Other men following body building routine devoutly are Bob Lichty, Cee Skinner, Wally Hughes, Billy Pierce, Hap Morrish, Charlie Baker, Danny Taylor, John Griese, F. Thorsteinson, Don Grosse, George Marshall, Larry Lane, Hugh Heighton, and Smily Doug Pett. Some of the aforementioned are only trainees, but after watching them work out, it would be obvious that their goal will be accomplished. Trainees, I have noticed, do not hesitate to accept the advice of the more advanced builders, and in that way the trainees may make sure that they do not utilize any exercise which would be detrimental to their purpose.

Each weightlifter and body builder usually has manifold reasons for working out on the weights. For a large percentage of the men it is done to gain and maintain a well-balanced body, but it also helps to release emotional strain and frustrations in a constructive manner. It is a healthy diversion both for the body and for the mind.

LETTERS

TO THE

EDITOR

Dear Editor:

The Diamond is a very interesting magazine, especially the Profile Series. It rather amazes me that you give both sides of the story in this series. I have always supposed that everyone would like to, let us say, lick their wounds, and I think that you people have more wounds to lick than most. Let me know whenever my subscription is running out. You'll always have a supporter in me.

Sincerely,

S. Lincoln Godfrey

Editor's Note: Licking a wound often aggravates it. Thanks for the compliments and for the support.

Dear Sirs:

Dear Editor of the Diamond -

All I can say is that you are doing a wonderful job. All the luck in the world. I have enclosed \$1.00.

Keep up the good work,

Mrs. C. King

The Editor, C.B. Diamond:

I feel that my subscription must be about to expire. Perish the thought that you should have to rewrite your mailing list in order to delete my name.

Profile Series is very interesting addition, and I wish you to use the extra on this cheque to further that or whatever you think best.

Best to you all,

Ron Harris

Editor's Note: Thank you very much for your donation and for purchasing the Diamond for another year. We hope that you will continue to enjoy it.

Dear Sir;

Your book "Diamond" is tops. Keep up the good work. Poems and Humour for me.

Mrs. Sarah B. John

P.S. Accept my \$2.00; well worth it.